

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## PARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

In the mellow light I sit,  
Idly regarding it,  
As the shadows come and go,  
Asking, vainly asking why  
Fate has parted you and I?

Ah, why is it? there are few  
Half so genial, half so true,  
Half so near allied as we,  
Yet an unkind destiny  
Leaves her cruel barriers high—  
Fate has parted you and I!

Not for us the dreamy bliss,  
Yearning smile, or thrilling kiss;  
Not for us the tender tears,  
Horn of blessed hopes and fears,  
Sad and slow the days go by,  
Fate has parted you and I!

Were our paths together laid,  
We had threaded undimmed,  
Valley deep, and mountain pass,  
But alas! alas! alas!  
Down divided hills they lie,  
Fate has parted you and I!

Is it, darling, is it sin  
Just to think what might have been?  
To unveil my eyes and see  
What can never, never be?  
As I clasp my hands and cry,  
Fate has parted you and I!

Great this sudden sorrow is,  
And through our infirmities,  
We forget that tears of pain  
Flatten into smiles again,  
That our souls to purity,  
Fate has parted you and I!

Yes, oh, yet, beloved, will time  
Teach us golden truths sublime,  
And beyond the dark eclipse,  
Shall our uncomplaining lips  
Say, "Autumn, by and by,  
Fate has parted you and I!"

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "PRINCE FLEWEL," "CLARA MOORE,"  
AND "FREDERICK WILSON," "REVEREND,"  
"BROTHER OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
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District Court of the United States, in and for  
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

### CHAPTER IV.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

The voyage of our adventurers down the Ohio  
river, was to some of them comparatively easy,  
and to others quite the reverse. The small  
craft, though of the boats so far as to direct their  
movements. At night they generally drew near  
the Kentucky shore and anchored in still water,  
but to one except an experienced woodsman  
was permitted to land. Their progress was  
somewhat slow, but safety rather than speed  
was the object of those in command.

It could not be otherwise that the ac-  
companions of Henry and Isaline, began and  
continued under the circumstances we have  
mentioned, should open their eyes to the fact  
that the world was not what it had been the case in  
ordinary state of affairs. There was something  
unpleasant in their nature, both were strong,  
educated and refined; in both the world was full  
of beauty, power and romance; they were  
bound together by general interests and general  
sympathy, and there was an absence of that re-  
straint, imposed by formal society and the cold  
worldly care of calculating gain. This  
travelling together, with more or less of un-  
interrupted conversation, a few days brought  
them into a knowledge of each other which  
months might not have effected under the usual  
conditions of conventional society.

Of the two, however, it may not be known to  
say that Henry was the most direct, earnest,  
single-minded and sincere. We have before  
remarked that, though not at all a coquette,  
there was a certain want of sensibility in the  
nature of Isaline that prevented a strong  
feeling that way—his insensibility of youth and  
general love of admiration that induced her ear  
to what a sounder or perhaps a more mature  
judgment would have rejected. She was dis-  
posed to rejoice in an extreme admiration rising  
almost to the strength of a passion, for which  
she had no adequate reciprocity of feeling; and  
while she was one to exact all and while the  
love of him to whom she was most inclined, she  
was ready to claim the right of dividing her own  
affections among as many as her caprice might

choose. Thus far she had never met another  
who had made on her so profound an impression,  
and so completely filled the void of her soul, as  
the young roving hunter and artist; and yet her  
nature was such as to give his handsome rival,  
against whom the instincts of her nature secretly  
revolted, almost as much encouragement as himself.

Of course there was no friendship, nor even  
show of friendship, between two such opposite  
natures, brought together under such circum-  
stances, as Charles Hampton and Henry Col-  
burn. They had been formally introduced to  
each other by Isaline, who had playfully re-  
marked, that, as she regarded both as her lawful  
protectors and defenders, she hoped they would  
henceforth be companions and friends. Both  
had bowed civilly but coldly, had exchanged a  
few commonplace remarks, and had scarcely  
spoken since. Being both on the same boat,  
and coming in contact with the same lady, they  
had often been compelled to meet; but either a  
cold, haughty bow, or a studied disregard of the  
presence of the other, had invariably been the  
result. Of course Isaline had not failed to per-  
ceive this mutual dislike; but she had appar-  
ently taken no notice of it, dividing her atten-  
tions between the two as if she had thought them  
the best of friends. Hampton, however, had grad-  
ually become moody, discontented and peevish.  
He was not popular among the passengers and  
crew, and he knew it. Though no further words  
had passed between him and Rough Tom, the  
latter had not failed to express his opinion of  
him in the most contemptuous language; and  
among his companions and men of that class,  
the opinions of the old woodsman always carried  
a good deal of weight.

Such was the state of affairs, when, on a calm,  
pleasant day, as the three boats were quietly  
floating down the river—the one containing the  
passengers a few feet in advance of the others—  
a large bird, of very bright, many-colored  
plumage, came flying over the forest, on its  
way from the Ohio to the Kentucky shore.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Isaline, who,  
with many others, including Hampton and Col-  
burn, was standing on the deck. "How I wish  
its bright feathers were mine!"

"And so they shall be," said Hampton, catch-  
ing up his silver-mounted rifle, which was lean-  
ing against a box within a few feet of his hand,  
and firing with a quick aim.

Apparently the bird was either slightly touched,  
or possibly felt the wind of the ball—for it made  
a quick dart downward, of some five feet, and  
then seemed to increase its speed in the same  
horizontal direction as before.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Isaline,  
turning playfully to Hampton.

As she spoke, there was another sharp crack—  
this time from the rifle of Henry, who had  
swung his weapon and fired with as quick an  
aim as the other—and the gay bird, checked  
suddenly in its flight by the swift messenger of  
death, dropped lead-like down upon the water.  
There was a light rick fastened to the boat, and  
in less than a minute the little form of young  
Colburn was seen standing in the water and using  
the paddle with the grace and skill of a French  
canoeist. Gliding round the prize, he seized and  
brought it up in triumph, amid the applause of  
the spectators, and almost the next minute he  
was back again upon the deck and at the side of the  
Saturated beauty.

"Permit me the honor, fair lady," he said, in  
a gay tone, "for giving my beautiful trophy to  
you!"

Before Isaline could reply, Charles Hampton  
stepped quickly forward, with a pale face, turn-  
ing eye, and uttering up, and in a marked and  
sterning tone, said:

"A questionable trophy, Miss Holcombe!  
know, as you are aware, it was only obtained by  
violence against its rights!"

Henry looked on the temples and his clear  
blue eyes had a peculiar gleam, as he returned  
Miss Holcombe's and at others we have seen  
before, that I only needed the hand of a life it  
was bearing away, upturned from the bullet of  
an unerring marksman!"

"It is false!" cried Hampton, "it was my  
ball alone that killed the bird!"

"How, then, a wonderful conceit to think so!"  
said Isaline.

"It is true," said the youth, to which you are  
a stranger," returned Hampton, quivering with  
suppressed passion.

"No," said the young artist, advancing to his  
rival, and speaking in a low determined tone,  
"these are terrible words to be borne in the  
presence of ladies!"

"And I will repeat when there are no such  
reasons for a lack of candor," rejoined Hampton,  
with an expression that might well have  
become a threat.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Isaline, be-  
ginning to grow alarmed, "there must be no  
quarrelling here! I already regret the expres-  
sion of a word which has given an occasion for  
anger and strife."

"The single where are not more innocent of  
any wrong intent than yourself," said Henry,  
"and for one I am heartily ashamed of what has  
passed in your presence! That the like may  
not be repeated or continued, permit me to with-  
draw for the present," and with a low bow he  
turned on his heel and went below.

"And are you not ashamed of yourself too?"  
said Isaline, turning to Hampton.

"Not why should I be?"

"Because it was all your fault."

"How so?"

"You claimed that which was not your own."

"I deny it, Miss Holcombe! That bird was  
mine—I killed it!"

"Why did it not fall then before Mr. Colburn  
fired?"

"It is a common thing, when the breath is in,  
for a bird, shot directly through the heart, to fly  
some considerable distance, and then fall dead,"  
replied Hampton, "if my ball did not strike it,  
why did it so suddenly drop downward on the  
discharge of my piece?"

"Possibly you may have hit it, Mr. Hampton!"

"Possibly I may have killed it, Miss Hol-  
combe!"

"And even granting you did, was it becoming  
for a gentleman to have so many angry words  
about it?"

"It is always right for a gentleman to claim  
his own, and not suffer himself to be robbed by  
a rascal, and turning abruptly away, she walked  
to another part of the boat, leaving the angry  
Hampton alone with his own dark thoughts."

This affair caused some excited discussion  
among the passengers—a few, if only for the  
sake of obstinate argument, contending that  
Hampton was right—but neither he, Colburn,  
nor Isaline, exchanged another word through the  
day.

At sunset the three boats were anchored as  
usual near the Kentucky shore, in a pleasant  
little cove, where, on the lower headland, the  
shore descended abruptly, with trees and bushes  
overhanging the water, while on the upper bank,  
as if by some peculiar freak of nature, an open,  
level wood stretched back for some considerable  
distance. The sun set in a cloud, which soon  
spread a thick pall over the heavens, and the  
night became so intensely dark that the shore  
was completely hidden from the view; but as no  
Indians, nor signs of Indians had thus far been  
discovered, no one felt much alarm on this ac-  
count; and if the occasional howl of a hungry  
wolf, or gloomy howling of an owl, or sharp,  
travelling cry of a loon, did sometimes make  
the more timid quite nervous and uneasy, the  
majority gave little heed to sounds that they  
knew as much belonged to the wilderness as the  
trees of the forest.

The boat occupied by our voyagers had been  
constructed with a view to the accommodation  
of passengers. In its general appearance it was  
not unlike a modern schooner. The middle portion  
of it was roofed over, and the interior was con-  
tained with stationary and hanging berths, suffi-  
cient for the lodging of the women and children  
—the men, for the most part, preferring to camp  
down in their blankets wherever the fancy pleased  
them. A regular watch was set every night,  
and such precautions taken as were considered  
necessary and prudent in passing through the  
country of a savage enemy. One of the rows  
laid down by the accounts was, that no one, except  
an experienced woodsman or some one especial-  
ly under his charge, should be permitted to land  
on either shore, either in the day or night time,  
and this regulation being regarded as one  
which concerned the safety of all, no one made  
the least objection to the imposed restraint,  
and therefore, as the cooking for the different  
parties was done on board, and the boat became  
as much a home to the adventurers as they  
would have found in a larger vessel upon the  
great deep.

The evening meal had been prepared and  
eaten by the different families and men, and  
the women and children had mostly retired for  
the night, while Charles Hampton, who was seat-  
ed in the forward part of the boat, brooding  
over his fancied wrong, received a gentle tap  
on the shoulder. He started quickly, looked  
round, and confronted the shadowy figure of a  
man standing in a swift along side of the  
larger craft, but whose approach he had not  
noticed.

"Hark!" whispered a voice, "don't be  
alarmed; but tell me if you're Charles Hampton."

Hampton rose, stepped back a pace, laid his  
hand upon a pistol, and answered, but in a  
hoarse and low tone:

"I am! And now who are you? and what  
do you want?"

"I'm David, one of the scouts, and the  
friend of Henry Colburn."

"Well?"

"I'd like you to pick your friend and ride, and  
come along with me!"

"Where to? and for what purpose?"

"Where you can try your skill on a man in-  
stead of a bird."

"You're expected to fight, but don't let any-  
body hear us talk about it—for, if the women  
get hold on it, there'll be the deuce to pay!"

"I don't understand the backwoods way of  
doing business," said Hampton, in a loud tone,  
as if he was willing, if not anxious, to have  
others listen.

"In no country a man is open-  
ly challenged, and his reply wanted for, and he  
is not asked to sneak off in the dark, the Lord  
knows where, and besides, if his challenger is

not his equal, he is at liberty to refuse a meet-  
ing altogether; and moreover he can, if he ac-  
cepts, choose his time, place and weapons, and  
not have everything picked out for him by his  
enemy."

"Well," returned the other, "I don't pretend  
of course to know what every man means who  
talks in this roundabout way; but I reckon  
I won't be a great ways from the mark if I put  
you down as one of them that's much better at  
fighting with your tongue than your rifle—a  
sneaky man, as the Indians say."

"What means this insolence?"

"Oh, if you're going to bluster, say so! and  
if you're going to fight, say so! for I can do  
a heap better with my time nor fool it away with  
you!"

"I'm willing and ready, at any and all times,  
to fight an equal," said Hampton, assuming a  
proud, haughty tone; "but as for giving every  
upstart and adventurer a meeting, that is out of  
the question!"

"I can't say how it is in England," rejoined  
David, "but out here, in the wide of Amer-  
ica, every man's the equal of every other man,  
till he does nothing to disgrace himself, as  
you're doing now, if you don't just come along  
and give the man you insulted satisfaction."

"Let him first convince me he is a gentleman,  
and then he may have satisfaction in any man-  
ner he pleases!"

"I'm to understand then that you won't fight  
Henry Colburn?"

"Under present circumstances, no!"

"Then I'll go back and report what you've  
said," returned David.

The next moment the little boat shot away in  
the darkness, with no light a dip of the oar that  
it was scarcely heard. Thirty paces carried it  
to one of the other large boats, where Henry  
Colburn and his companions were awaiting the  
return of their messenger.

"He's a coward and won't fight!" reported  
David, as he appeared among his friends.

"I thought as much," said Henry.

"The—funky skink!" growled Rough Tom,  
with an oath we need not repeat.

"What's his reason for refusing?" inquired  
one of the others.

"He puts on that he's a gentleman, and says  
Henry must prove himself one before he'll give  
him satisfaction," replied David, who, though  
not a man of education, was superior to some of  
his companions in the use of language.

"Wood!" grunted old Tom. "He's a gentle-  
man, is he? I'll fix him! We've got horses  
aboard the other boat, that keep the niggers  
busy. They'd like a little row, I know. We'll  
give 'em help—we'll send 'em a fresh hand. If  
Mr. Lord Hampton's a gentleman, he'll know  
what horses is, and if he backs down from this,  
or if he's afraid to fight, under the niggers,  
and let him work his passage!"

"One or two of the horses are his own," said  
Henry.

"All the better then."

"But you can hardly carry out your threat,  
Tom."

"Can't I? Let me alone for that! Just you  
go back, Jim Davis, and tell him what we've  
fixed on—that he's either got to fight Harry  
Colburn to-night, by fire-light—fair, square,  
and stand up, with rifle—or else we'll turn him  
into a nigger border! Wood! I've said it—me—  
said Rough Tom—and what's the use?"

"I'll not be long in fetching his answer," said  
David, who immediately departed on his errand.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned,  
accompanied by Charles Hampton himself. At  
the latter came aboard the freight-boat, and  
joined the group of men who were seated around  
a small fire kindled on some sand near the bow.  
It was observed that his dark features were deathly  
pale, that his lips were so compressed as to  
drive the blood from them, and that his black,  
starry eyes had a very wicked, murderous look.

"I have come here," he said, in a cold,  
haughty tone, "almost on compulsion, to answer  
any demands that may be made on me. I know  
I have no friends among you, and that physi-  
cally I am unable to resist your power; but, in  
the name of civilization, I demand fair play and  
the rights of a gentleman!"

Thereafter was a class of rough men more  
favorably disposed to the justice of such a claim  
than the early pioneers of the West. Fair play  
was all they asked for themselves, and what they  
were always ready to grant even to an enemy.  
Whether he knew it or not, Charles Hampton had  
luckily chosen a manner and selected words the  
best calculated to excite the sympathy and touch  
the manhood of men whose admiration of true  
courage was only equalled by their detestation of  
cowardice; and though, on his first appearance  
among them, they had regarded him with scorn  
of angry contempt, they now, one and all, even  
to Rough Tom, felt disposed to accord him a  
certain degree of respect.

"By heavens!" replied David, "I'll see you  
have fair play as far as I'm concerned!"

"And so we all will!" cried another.

"Yes, young man, I'll swear to it, even if you  
is a lord, or any other—foolish funk—any-  
thing in fact! Let the crowd, smoking stink I  
told you for!" joined in old Tom. "You shall  
have a good rifle, if I even has to lend you mine,  
and good ground too, and a fair show; and after  
you're killed, as I expect you will be, we'll see  
that you're put under ground like a Christian, and  
not left lying around loose for the wolves and  
buzzards to feed on!"

"I am much obliged to you," returned Ham-  
pton, with a covert sneer; "but if it is all the  
same to you, I would rather not be buried just  
yet, and as for your rifle, I should not need it,  
even were I to use one, seeing that I have one  
quite as good of my own. I do not expect this  
affair to be settled with rifle, however. I am  
the challenged party, and as such, by the code  
of honor, have a right to name the weapons,  
time and place. Mr. Davis, as you have so  
kindly volunteered to see fair play, I call on you  
to act as my second!"

"Hold up!" interposed Tom. "That's agin  
to be fair play, for that I've sworn to; and to  
be fair play, that's got to be rifle!"

"I shall choose pistols," said Hampton.

"Pistols? bah! wood!" said Tom, "with  
all the contempt he could express. 'What's the  
use? As well say pop-gun to me!'"

"They are gentlemen's weapons," rejoined  
Hampton, "and I am a gentleman. Mr. Davis,  
as my friend in this matter, you will speak for  
me!"

"See here!" roared Tom, with a burst of  
anger, "don't come any of your—folks-diddle-  
diddle-diddle over me, about your gentlemen,  
pistols and them things! What's the use?  
You're on old Kentucky waters now, you in-  
sulted your man that, and you've got to take  
Kamuk's regulations! Here, see he-ear!" pur-  
sued Tom, more particularly addressing his com-  
panions, "what war all this rumpus about, hey?  
I'll tell ye. Both of these young fellows  
killed shot at a bird, and both claimed they  
killed it. Then one insulted 'other afore the  
women, for which he's afo to fight. If both  
is aish good show with the rifle, why don't they  
let the rifle settle it, hey? It's a Kaintuck  
welp-on, it's a Varginne welp-on, it's a backwoods  
welp-on, and, hey, it's good enough for any  
thing as wears hat!"

This argument settled the point for all  
agreed with the old scout, that the rifle was the  
only proper weapon for the occasion—more es-  
pecially as the quarrel was directly connected  
with the use of it. The next two points to be  
considered, were time and place, and for various  
reasons it was decided there was no better time  
than the present, and no better place than the  
neighboring forest, beyond the hearing of the  
women.

"As I'm to have no voice in the matter, not-  
withstanding all your boasted fair play," said  
Hampton, "I may as well prepare myself to be  
murdered in an honorable way!"

"You'll hev to take your chance," answered  
Rough Tom, "and if you're as good with the  
rifle as you brag on, I expect that'll be two dead  
men for us to kiver; but after the insult you  
gild Harry Colburn, that's nothing to be done  
deft fight him, beg his pardone afore the women,  
or if you want a nigger border—your kin  
ber your choice of them that three!"

"Lead on then!" rejoined Hampton, "for  
sooner than ask the pardon of an upstart ad-  
venturer like him, I would see myself sunk a  
thousand fathoms in the bowels of the earth!"

Henry was within hearing of all this, but he  
made no reply, though his eyes were observed to  
compress, and there was a peculiar gleam in his  
deep blue eyes that boded no good to his deadly  
foe.

Every thing was soon prepared for the fire-  
light duel, and the several parties went ashore in  
three small boats, leaving only two men in  
charge of the three larger ones—all the others,  
including the boys and the negroes, having  
camped down for the night. Landing on the  
level—where the wood, as before mentioned,  
was open and clear of bushes—they pushed di-  
rectly back for nearly half a mile; and then,  
with some cautious pine knots which they had  
brought with them, they kindled two fires, about  
thirty yards apart. Some distance back of these,  
just as their figures began to grow shadowy,  
with the smoking, wavering flames between  
them, they stationed Hampton and Colburn. The  
object of such an arrangement will readily be  
perceived. Both of the young men were quick  
and deadly marksmen; and a duel by daylight,  
with rifle, would give neither a chance for his  
life, but the flickering fire-light would be likely  
to render the momentary aim of each un-  
certain.

All the preliminaries having been settled, the  
principals duly placed, and the rifle loaded and  
put in hand, the seconds retired a few paces,  
and David announced that he was to give the word.

The scene was novel, picturesque and im-  
pressive. Here, under one of the long arches of the  
grand old forest, with trees of many cen-  
turies growth around them, stretching upward  
their huge trunks like so many mighty pillars  
for the support of the ivy canopy above, stood  
two men, rifle in hand, prepared to deal out  
death and receive it, with two fire-clearing  
flashes between them, cutting grim, ghastly,  
changing shadows over their pale, determined  
faces, seemingly making them cower and grin  
like demons, and looking out upon the second  
and the group of borderers standing back watch-  
ing them, and pushing uncertain light far out  
into the mysterious darkness, filling the fac-  
tious mind with a weird-like dread and awe.

There were a few moments of deadly silence, dur-  
ing which each felt the deep solemnity of the  
place and the occasion; and then the word was  
spoken sharply out, and each, without a word  
exchanging far away through the long, dim and dark  
forest aisles, like so many rams calling in  
judgment.



10



same where I was, he did not stop to question me. "My home is a few doors off, I will take you there," he said. "My wife will give you a shelter until morning."

With the watchman's good wife I found a refuge. From her I learned that I was in the city of H——, where the train on which I had been travelling must have arrived at mid night.

The shock which my mental and bodily powers had received was so great that by morning I was too weak and ill to rise from my bed. Travelling further alone was not to be thought of. Indeed I doubt if any money could have tempted me to set foot out of doors again alone had I been perfectly well.

I sat up in bed and wrote a note to Hilbert

As to the secret of the mysterious power which that Satanic stranger had over me, I can offer no explanation. Call it magnetism, mesmerism, psychology, demonology, or what you will. This only I can tell you, that I shall never again trust only

**The Lord of Burleigh.**

The following extract from a recent English story, gives probably the true history of the Lord of Burleigh's romance—

Sometimes I think I shall be like the Lord o' Burleigh's wife. And it will be said of me as o' her—  
 "But a trouble weighed upon her,  
 And perplexed her night and morn,  
 With the burthen of an honor  
 Unto which she was not born."

"Don't be sentimental, Ethel. Besides, I am not sure that the Lady of Harleigh really died and dropped still, before her time, she died exactly as the poet tell us. Of course you know who the Lady of Harleigh really was?"

"The poem informs us—a village maiden whom a noble lord wooed, as usual, as a landscape painter. Oh! how well I can understand that thought of hers as, passing by the stately homes of England, park and hall, and ancient

"Furthermore she seems to gaze  
 in that cottage drawing nearer,  
 Where they *twain* will spend their days  
 "Oh, but she will love him truly!  
 He shall have a cheerful home;  
 She will order all things duly,  
 When beneath his roof they come."

"Ethel! Ethel! I do not believe that I've  
 Burleigh, — Miss Sarah Higgins, ever real

"It was, indeed; and if the commonly-told story be correct, Henry Cecil, afterward Earl and Marquis of Exeter, first saw his village maiden at the wash-tub. She is described as young, fat-faced, ruddy, good-tempered, and extremely amiable—but at all the sort of person to be of secret weight of trouble, I should say. Mr. Cecil wooed the damsel as Mr. John Jones and he was generally supposed in the village to be nothing less than a highwoman. He

and marry the young woman immediately upon saying, "there is none I love like thee." He very seriously packed her off to school, and when she returned, highly accomplished, he had no doubt, he led her to the village altar, and the happy couple lived for some time after wedding in the neighborhood of Bolan Commune, Shensi, where Mr. Cecil first became es-

more of his rustic life. He had been married once before to a lady of his own rank in life from whom he was divorced after fifteen years of union. After the death of the second Mrs. Higgins, he entered for the third time into the bonds of holy matrimony, he wedded the Countess Dowager of Hamilton."

"Oh, Gracia, is it true? Was he divorced from his first wife, and did he marry again after—after—"

"I'll answer, wearing late and early."

"He really did, dear Ethel, as the psalmist  
his day will clearly testify."  
"I wish you had not told me."

A **Singh's Case**.—About fifty-five years of age, a young gentleman and lady formed an association, as young people often do, and it was supposed by their friends that it would terminate in matrimony. But for some reason, unknown to the parties, the association was dissolved, and they separated. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives.

last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married, and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady remained a widow about eleven months, when her former son-in-law made an advance to her, he being about seven years old, and the lady seventy-one.

they were married. The parties are living in the vicinity of Lynn Post-office, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, and the gentleman has consented to the publication of this notice.

*Miner's Republican.*

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**Important to Them**—A correspondent of Scientific American says: "If you have a


that leaks badly, and it is in a strong current, or if you are towing it up stream, all you need to do to keep it dry is this: bore a hole through the bottom and insert a piece of tin or iron pipe round through the hole, letting it extend six inches below the bottom of the boat, and all the water will run out without any labor. I think this ship at sea could be kept afloat if you

At Sydney, in Australia, among other advertisements on the first floor of the printing-plant is a tablet, informing visitors that the club cannot be spoken to unless paid for his value. Accordingly, everybody, without exception, is invited to buy a ticket of admission.

**A PARSON'S PASTORAL.**—A parson, once faced his sermon with, "My friends, let us a few words before we begin." This is equal to the man who took a short nap

He went to sleep.

**DR. SUT AND HANCOCK.**--He who turns for pleasure would not stickle to be happy for business.









... to the effect that the ...









